

THE
STRANGE,
VVONDERFVLL,
and bloudy Battell betweene
Frogs and Mice:

The occasion of their falling out :
Their preparation, munition, and resolution
for the warres : The severall combats of euery
person of worth; with many other memo-
rable accidents,

Interlaced with diuers pithy and morall senten-
ces, no lesse pleasant to be read, then profitable
to be obserued,

Couertly decyphering the estate
of these times.

Paraphrastically done into English Heroycall
verse by W. F. C. C. C.

LONDON

Imprinted by S. S. for Iohn Bayly : and are
to be sold at his shop in Chauncery lane,
neere to the Office of the sixe
Clarkes. 1603.

*Perlege Maonio cantatas carmine Ranas,
Et frontem nugis soluere disce meis.
Martialis in Xenia, 183.*

LONDON:
Printed by S. for John Baily, and are
to be sold at his Shop in O'Connell's Lane,
near to the Office of the late
General, 1833.

To the vertuous, courteous, and worship-
full Gentleman, Master Robert Greenwood of
Westerton, health, with the happinesse of both worlds.



Vch louing fauours from your sonne I found,
So kind affection at your Worships hand,
Though vnderued, that I still am bound,
And vnto you and yours obliged stand:

And though that *Greene* braunch, which ay-springing
As chiefeſt crowne or garland to your wood, (stood,
Be by the ſtroke of Fate quite cut away,
Ne're ſhall a thankleſſe nature in me ſway.

No loſtrie Cedar, though in height he paſſe
Eche ſeu'rall plant which deſert forreſts yeeld;
No Laurell, though *Apollo's* tree it was;
No Pine for ſhippes, no Oke ordayn'd to build,
Nor any ſhrub was halfe ſo deare to me,
As was that braunch ſalne from the *Greenewoods* tree:
Which though, as dead, entomb'd in earth it lyes,
A day will come, we hope, to ſee it riſe.

Here (worthy Sir) doe I preſent to you .
The timely Budſ of my froſt-bitten Spring,
And though this trifſe not deſerue your view,
Yet ſuch a trifſe once did *Homer* ſing,
Adorn'd with robes, ſpun from the wooll of *Greece*,
Homely by me now clad in *English* fleece:
Albeit no pleaſure in this toy you take,
Yet deigne a kind aſpect for *Hargreues* ſake,

*The unworthy wel-willer of your Worships
wel-fare,*

B

William Fowldes.

To

To the Reader in generall.



Being of late, for mine owne exercise at vacant howres, consummated the translation of this little Booke, I now boldly adventure to commit it to the Presse, being the rather induced thereunto by the encouragement of certaine of mine acquaintance: not that I seeke hereby to winne praise, or publish this for any deuotion in print, since I am verily perswaded, it deserues not the least title of commendation: and I hold it as a maxime with Lylic, that he which commeth in print, because hee would bee knowne, is like the foole that goeth into the market, because hee would be seene. Onely I hope, that this my simple labour will be a spurre to the riper wits of our time, that the golden works of this & other famous Poets, may not still lie hidden, as vnder a vaile or mysterie, from the weake capacitie of meaner iudgements. Concerning my translation, as I cannot altogether commend it: for quandoq; bonus dormitat Homerus: so neither will I wholly discommend it; in the one I might seeme arrogant; in the other be accounted foolish: and therefore puto rectius esse, vt sint mediocria omnia. If one write neuer so well, he shall not please all; if neuer so ill, he shall please some: a dog will barke, though he lack his teeth; and a dole wil censure, though he want iudgement. I knowe, to some curious heads it will bee thought amisse, that euery verse answeres not their expectation, because I haue not word for word concurd with the Author in my translation: yet if they will but looke a little into the difficulty of this thing, considering the kind of verse which I haue vsed, I hope they will rest satisfied. I only wil answere them out of Horace, Non verbum verbo curabis reddere,

To the Reader in generall.

dere, fidus interpres. And furthermore (besides the diversitie betweene a construction & a translation) they may know, that there are many mysteries in this writer, which uttered in English, would shew little pleasure, and in mine opinion, are better to bee vntouched, then to diminish the grace of the rest with tediousnes & obscuritie: I haue therefore followed the counsell of the asoresaid Horace, teaching the duty of a good Interpreter, qui, quæ desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit. By which occasion, some fewe sentences I haue in places omitted, somewhat added, somewhat altered, and somewhat expounded: that which I haue added, you shall find quoted in the margent. The significations of the names (being indeede no names, but onely wordes correspondent to the nature of Frogs and Mice) ne quis in ijs hæreat, lest any should therewith be troubled, I haue englished and inserted them in the verse, that the inferiour Readers should not bee wearied with looking in the margent: as for the learned, they need not be instructed. I meane not be a preiudice to any that can do finer, only I would desire them to beare with this my simple labour, and to accept it as a thing roughly begun, rather then polished. And if any with this will not bee contented, let him take in hand, and doe it anew himselfe, and I doubt not, but he shal find it an easier thing to controll a line or two, then to amend the whole of this interpretation. Farewell.

W. F.

To the captious company of carping
Readers.



Purne not the study of my nouice Muse,
though but a toy;
Who scornes to reade this trifle, let him
though he're so coy: (chuse,
Yet no base trifle: for by *Homers* quill
The subiect was contriu'd, if good or ill.

If then the subiect was of *Homers* worth,
from *Homers* brayne,
What should affray my Muse to set this forth,
and scorne disdayne?
For he which scoffes this Poeme in his pride,
If that he durst, great *Homer* would deride.

Let addle heads by idle humours guise,
ybent to stray,
Iest at this battell of the *Frogs* and *Mise*,
He not dismay,
Since *Homer* stands as bulwarke on my part,
T'award the scornfull termes that fooles will dart.

The babbling prayses of the vulgar vayne
I nought esteeme,
Nor how the curious, through fantastick braine,
my labours deeme.
As one to eu'ry trifle giues applause,
So th'other, all condemnes, without iust cause.

And yet the censure of the meanest wit
I will refuse:
For slender iudgements best I thinke besit
my simple Muse:
Onely I wish, that he which reads this booke,
His praise or dispraise may to reason looke,

Nil moror vterius.

In commendation of Poetry.

AMong the diuers currents that do flow
 Frō th'euer-springing fountain of all art,
 The perled Nectar most contēt doth show,
 Which Poetry full sweetly doth impart,

Whose hunny'd vapour comforteth the heart,

And vnder vailed fancies that doth sing,
 Which doth much profit with great pleasure bring.

*Aut pro-
desse vo-
lunt, aut
delectare
Poeta, aut
simul.*

For cert's the truth (though truth no colours need
 To men of vnderstanding and ripe yeeres)

When she is masked in a seemely weed,
 More faire, more sweet, and beautifull appeares,
 Her tale contents the mind, and glads the cares,
 And makes men more attentiuē to her story,
 That truth may still preuayle with greater glory:

For as an Image drawne in white and black,
 Though it be well proportioned with care,
 If it do other comely colours lack,
 To beautify the members, head, and haire,
 Vnto the eye appeares not halfe so faire,
 Nor with so much content doth fill the mind,
 As that pourtrayd with colours in his kind:

Eu'n so a naked storie simply told,
 Though cause be true and worthy due regard,
 Doth not mens hearts with such affection hold,

*Vt pictu-
ra Poesis
eris.*

In commendation of Poetry.

Nor bath the outward sences so in gard,
As doth that matter which is well declar'd,
Adorned pleasantly with termes and arte,
Which pearcing th'row the cares, doth moue the
This knew the learned Poets all of yore, (heart.
This knew th'immortall Sages long agoe,
Whose works the wisest of our age adore,
Such store of wisdom in their bookes is shone,
Such pleasure vnto all, offence to none,
Such graue precepts hid vnder fine deuice,
As cares and heart with wonderment surprise.

No fable sweet Philosophy contaynes,
Within the sacred volumes of her cell,
* A hill Dipt in the fount, which from * Parnassus straynes,
consecrate to the Whereas the thrice three Nymphes are said to dwell,
Muses. That Barbarisme and ignorance expell:
But vnder vaile deepe secrets doth vnfold,
Though bnt a tale by wanton Ouid told.

By wanton Ouid? heauenly Poesie,
Pardon the rashnesse of my infant Muse,
That I, a client to thy mysterie,
Should vnadvised by that word abuse,
Vita recunda And terme him wanton, did no folly vse:
est, Musa For though his Muse was wanton, as he playned,
iocosa Yet Ouids life was chaste, and neuer stayned.
mea.

Nor

In commendation of Poetry.

Nor sung he alwayes in a wanton lay,
And penned pleasing ditties of blind fire:
Of deeper matters much could Ouid say,
As he whose soaring spirit mounted higher,
Than euer Poet after could aspire.

And saue the famous Homer chiefe of all,
* The Prince of Poets may we Ouid call.

* *Semper
Virgilium
excipio,*

But neyther Homer, Ouid, nor the rest,
That euer tasted * Aganippes spring,
Though but to write of fables they addrest,
Which to th' vnskilfull no contentment bring,
But with such arte and knowledge did them sing,
That in their volumes scarce appeares one lyne,
Which to the learned doth not seeme diuine.

* *A foun-
taine of
the Mu-
ses.*

No vice of youth, no villayny of age,
No lewd behauiour of each degree,
But in the secret myst'ries of the sage,
And graue instructions of Philosophy,
Clad in the habit of sweet Poesie,
Is aptly couched in some pretty fable,
As well the learned to discusse are able.

*Ficta
quidem
narratio-
ne, sed
veraci
significa-
tione hac
dicuntur.*

And not alone are vices set to view,
And horrid plagues attending wickednesse:
But blessed vertue with the beauenly crew,
Which euer wayt vpon her worthynesse,

In commendation of Poerry.

By them are pourtrayd forth with comlinesse:
The meanest fable Poet e're did make,
May stand as mirrour for example sake.

For prooffe whereof read but this little booke,
VVith vnderstanding, knowledge, care and skill,
And thou shalt find presented to thy looke,
Such wit and learning from the Authours quill,
VVhich vnder fine inuentions meet thee still,

*The
eyes of
thy mind

So pleasant objects that occurre thine* eyes,
As will thy soule with wonderment surprise.

And not alone shall pleasure thee awate,
As thou perusest what I now present,
Here thou shalt haue fit matter for eche state,
If thou consider what hereby is ment.

Then thinke thy time herein not idly spent:
Ponder with iudgemēt what thou read'st at leasure,
So may thy profit equallize thy pleasure.

Batra-





Batrachomyomachia:

Or,

The Battell betweene

Frogs and Mice.



E thrice three daughters of immortall Ioue, *The nine*
Bæotian Nimphs of *Helicons* sweet spring, *Muses.*
 Bright lamps of honor shining frō aboue,
 Where stil ye sit secure from enuies sting,
 Guiding the sterne of learnings sacred lore,
 Vouchsafe to guide my pen, I you implore;
 Your sweet consent conforme my tender brest,
 While I adorne my verse, as likes you best.

Deigne from your pleasant fountaynes of delight,
 And euer-running Riuers of true skill,
 Now to infuse sweet drops into my spright,
 And heau'nly *Nectar* on my plants distill:

That they may grow like Bay, which euer springs,
 To bud the battels of two mighty Kings,
 And all the world may know how strife did rise,
 Betweene renowned *Frogs* and gallant *Mice*.

The antique deedes, which wanton *Ouid* told,
 To be perform'd by Gyants long agone,
 When mighty hills together they inrold,
 Thinking to pull the Thundrer from his throne,

Compared to these battels cannot be,

„No more then brambles to the Cedar tree,

„Whose lofty top dare check the * heau'ns fayre * *The Sun*

„When at midday he sits in maiestie. (eye,

C

In

*Si par-
 nis com-
 ponere
 magnali-
 cebit.*



The Battell betweene

In these approued souldiers of sterne *Mars*,
Manhood, or *Mars* himselfe, may seeme to dwell:
For with such valour they endur'd the warres,
That horrid death their courage could not quell.

*Hic na-
stri surgit
origo ma-
li.*

Stout resolution in their foreheads stood,
Fighting like valiant hearts amid their blood.
And this, alas, did cause the mortall strife,
Whereby so many gallants lost their life.

The Kings owne sonne, a *Mouse* of royall state,
Next heire by birth apparent to the Crowne,
Toyled with trauell, flying from the *Cat*,
Vnto a pleasant brooke to drinke came downe,
Where couching low his body on the banke,
With great delight cold water there he dranke.
„ For though that gorged stomacks lothe strong
„ Thirst makes the King cold water (drink,
(wine to thinke.

But while the gentle and debonayre *Mouse*,
Bathed his lips within the chanell cleare,
Quaffing most neatly many a sweet carouse,
Along the gliding current did appeare

*This was
the King
of Frogs.*

* A gallant *Frog*, whose port and mounting pace,
Show'd him to be chiefe ruler in that place.
„ For as quicke sparkes disclose the fire to be,
So doth mans gesture show his maiestie.

From



Frogs and Mife.

From forth the riuer, like to liquid glasse,
The *Frog* ascends vpon the waters brim,
And seeing where the *Mouſe* lay on the grasse,
With nimble ioynts he leapeth towards him;
And bending downe his fayre and yellow brest,
With kind salutes he welcomes this new ghest,
Beseeming well a Kings hye dignitie.
And thus he spoke with solemne maiesty:

Since that thou art a stranger, gentle *Mouſe*,
From whome dost thou deriue thy pedigree?
Declare to me thy parents and the house,
Which haue conceiued such a progenie,
That, if thy worth deserue, with greater sway,
Vnto my pallace thee I might conuay:
VWhere I with kingly presents will thee grace,
As shall besit thy vertues, and my place.

And doubt not but we can confirme our word:
For know it's spoken by a mighty King,
The onely Monarch of this running ford,
VWhich all the *Frogs* to my subiection bring.

My promise to performe I want no store,
My kingdom stretcheth out from shore to shore.
„ Scarce he deserues the title of a king,
„ That wanteth meanes to accomplish any thing.

*Anneſſis
longasre-
gibuseſſe
manus?*



The Battell betweene

By birth I am a King, borne to the Crowne,
And hold by right my rushie chayre of state,
Peleus my durty Sire, great in renowne,
Of *Queene Hydromedusa* me begate.

She at the flood of *Padus* did me beare,
Whose head and cheeks did put her in great feare.

And that my name and person might agree,
Blowne-cheeke Physignathus she cleaped mee.

*Conueni-
unt rebus
nomina
sape suis.*

But since that valour in thy lookes doth dwell,

The God And * *Marsh* hath his abiding in thy face:
of warre. I thinke thy birth doth common *Mise* excell,

And thee descended from a higher place.

„ For maiestie attends vpon estate,

„ It cannot masked be, nor change his gate.

Thy Lordly lookes, thy royall birth proclaime;

Tell me thy countrey, kindred, and thy name.

The *Mouſe* arising from the riuers brim,
Hearing the *Frog* speake with such Maiestie,
With haughtie courage resaluteth him,
And thus replies with great audacitie:

*A bold
answer to
a King.*

* Wherefore desirest thou to know our birth,
Famous to gods aboue, and men on earth?

„ The greatest *Kesar*, and the countrey swayne,

„ Of our exploits and stratagems complayne.



Frogs and Mife.

I am the Prince **Pficharpax*, which in field
 Dare meet a thousand crummes within the face,
 All them encounter without speare or shield,
 And brauely eat them vp in little space,
 Borne of **Troxarta* that redoubted king,
 Of whose heroick acts the world doth ring;
 Both rich and poore my valiant father dread,
 With so great courage he deuoures their bread.

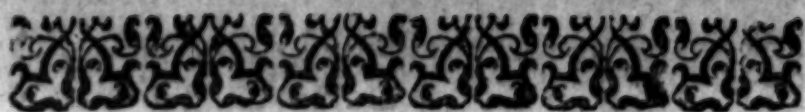
*Prince
 Eate-
 crumme.

*King
 Eate-
 bread,

Lick-meale Lichomile, a royall Mōuse,
 My faire Queene-mother me conceiu'd hereby,
 Vnder a pile of wood, behind a house:
 (For at that present there the Court did lye)
 Where like the child of *Ioue*, within her lap,
 I suckt sweet *Nectar* from her downe-soft pap,
 Nearly she fed me in my yonger yeares
 With milk, cheef-curds, nuts, apples, figs & peares

The court
 then lay
 at wood-
 shack.

In vayne you wish our honour should descend
 (Because our birth is of no small regard)
 To taste the pleasures that your Palace lend,
 With store of iuncats and delights prepar'd:
 „ For they whose liues and natures disagree,
 „ Do hardly brooke to ioyne in companie.
 „ Like will to like, those birds consort together,
 „ Whose wings are like in colour, and of feather.



The Battell betwecne

You simple *Frogs* liue in the running mayne,
In brookes, in ditches, and the watrie Fen.
Vpon the drie land we, braue *Mise*, remayne,
Where we enioy the company of men:

We feed vpon their dainties at our ease,
Eate vp their bread and victuals when we please;
We passe not for their locks, nor strength of place,
,, Both locks and strength doth policie deface.

Yet though, when hunger moues an appetite,
We sometimes skirmish with the Kitchens store,
And here and there a little morsell bite,
And where we find it fatter, eate the more:

*A good
axiome.*

For I haue heard my father say of old,
Which as a *Maxime* we *Mise* doe hold,
Fatter the better (sure 'tis worth repeating)

A fat sweet modicum deserues the eating.

And though sometimes (too seldome I confesse)
We light vpon a *Capon* by the way;
Or fortune with a *Rabbit* doth vs blesse,
Which is a dainty morsell at this day;
Or other pretie iuncate which we find,
And eate some part according to our kind:
Yet are we not so greedie, as some say,
Which blame braue *Mise*, yet take the meat away:

For



on Frogs and Mice.

For oft the greedie all-devouring *Cat*,
Which would be thought a safeguard to the meat,
Doth vnder colour of her inward hate,
That aye betweene vs two is wondrous great,
Forrage the cupbords, kitchen, and the house,
Pretending hatred to the harmeleffe *Mouse*:
But cert's let all beware of this deuice,
„ One greedy *Cat* is worse then many *Mice*.

Too many
of these
Cats.

Oft, when a *Pigeon*, or some dainty bir,
Chiefly for master or the mistris drest;
If any parcell be reseru'd of it,
To close their stomack at another feast,
No sooner comes the morsell from the hall,
But seruants take a part, or eate it all;
And when enquiry for this thing is made,
Still on the guiltlesse *Mouse* the fault is layd.

Surely I graunt, it grieues me to the heart,
To beare these slaunders and incessant wrong,
Which still they lay vnto the *Mouses* part,
By their false lying and deceitfull rounge,
But in my sprite I scorne the vayne surmises,
Which eu'ry cogging mate by craft deuises;
Yet smile to see the mistris of the house,
Vpon her seruants shoulders beat the *Mouse*.

Infirmi
est animi,
exiguus
voluptas
ultio.



The Battell betweene

The
world is
growne
into a
swagger-
ing
vayne:
for not a
Mouſe
will now
put vp
the lye.

Nethleſſe they cannot ſay but we will take
A dire reuenge vpon them for the lie;
And ſince no conſcience in a lie they make,
Their lie ſhall proue a truth, or we will die:
For not a hole or corner ſhall be free,
Where any ſcraps or broken meat we ſee;
But whatſoe're we find, without delay
Weele quickly eate it vp, or beare away.

And yet thinke not (Sir *Froze*) we gallants liue
Vpon the reſuſe ſcraps or broken meat;
Or feed on fragments which foule trenchers giue,
When greazy ſcullions make them cleane and neat:
Farre be it from a lordly *Mouſes* tooth,
To taſte the traſh that eu'ry Peſant doth;
Well knowes a diſcreet *Mouſe* to chuſe the beſt,
Though he for anger often eate the reſt.

Nor are we ſo faynt-hearted, if we chaunce
To meet a pye or paſtie by the way,
Which like a Caſtle doth her ſelfe aduaunce,
Scorning the battrie of our braue array;
But ſtreight couragiously her wals we ſcale,
Or vndermine them for to make her quaille:
If valour will not bring our wiſh to paſſe,
Our teeth ſhall pearce her cruſt as hard as braſſe.

Sweet.



Frogs and Mife.

Sweet cakes, fat puddings, curdes, creame, are our
With bacon-flitches hanging in the house, (meate,
Delicious hony-sops which gods do'eate,
Are victuals onely for the gallant *Moufe*.

No pleasant iuncates, no tooth-tempting fare,
Which huswiues locke vp with no slender care,
* Yea, no delights the kitchen doth contayne,
But in the danger of our teeth remayne.

* Yet oft
more
bold then
Welcome.

Pale feare of death could neuer make me flye,
Nor safegard of my life to leaue the fight.

True valour will with honour rather dye,
" Then like a coward liue and take his flight.

" But like a Souldier stout, and Captayne bold,
Still in the formost ranke my place I hold,
Where I enact such wonders with my blade,
That troupes I send to death and dusky shade.

Et cœlum
territat
armis.

The might of boirly man I do not dread,
Though other creatures liue within his feare:
Oft dare I bite his hand; and scratch his head,
When he the silent night in sleepe doth weare.

* I scorne his gins and his alluring bayt,
Set to intrap vs closely by deceyt:
Yet if therein the basest *Moufe* do fall,
In our reuenge his meate shall pay for all.

* Casibus
insultas
quos po-
tes ipse

bnA

D

Onely pati.



The Battell betweene

Onely the *Owle* I dread, and eye-bright *Cat*,
Two cursed murderers in the dismall night,
Whose monstrous iawes spare neither *Mouſe* nor *Rat*,
But quicke deuoure vs without law or right:
Yet chiefly of the *Cat* I stand in feare,
Whose puling voyce I neuer lone to heare,
A hel-bred *Harpie* ranging round about,
Watching our comming in and going out.

Satietas I tell thee, *Frog*, I lothe to liue on weedes,
nauseam Rootes, coleworts, garlick, or the foolish beet,
parit. Or stinking mushrooms, growing with the reedes:
Such vulgar diet for base *Frogs* is meet:
Meat fit for *Frogs* which haunt the watry Fen,
Not for the gallant *Mouſe* that feeds with men.
And heere abruptly ending in disdayne,
Thus smilingly the *Frog* replyde againe :

Stoutly thou brag'st vpon thy costly cheare,
Thy dainty dishes and thy kingly fare;
Much honour to thy belly thou doest beare,
Vaunting what pleasures fall vnto thy share,
And what a warlike heart in thee doth dwell,
Which pale-fac'd feare of death could neuer quell:
„ But reason shewes by dayly practise found,
„ That empty vessels yeeld the greatest sound.

And



Frogs and Mife.

And yet seeme not to scorne our russhy chayre,
Because your belly-pleasures doe abound:
With our delights no solace may compare,
That can among poore starued *Mife* be found.
Vpon the land we daunce and sport our fill,
In water bathe our lymmes (so *Ioue* doth will)
Our cates are consonant vnto our state,
Not mixt with poyson or deceitfull bayt.

*Nulla a-
conita bt-
buntur
fctilibus.*

And if the knowledge of the truth did moue,
Or breed in thee a liking and delight,
Like to the radiant sonne of mightie *Ioue*,
When riding in his Carre he giues vs light,
I to my palace will thee safely bring,
Sitting vpon the shoulders of a king:
Leape on my neck, feare not the running mayne,
I beare thee hence, I bring thee backe againe.

*Credito,
credenti
nulla pro-
cella no-
cet.*

He had no sooner sayd, but bending downe
His back; ,, though rare it is to see Kings bow;
The lieger *Moufe*, lighter then thistle downe,
And swift as wind, which from the East doth blow,
Vpon his shoulders nimble leaps in hast,
And vawling to his neck, doth there hold fast,
Proud of his stately Porter, as he might: (right.
,, For whome Kings beare, they may be proud by



The Battell betweene

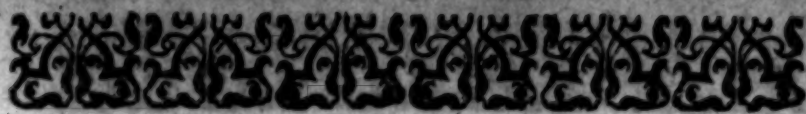
Boldly the *Frog* doth launch out from the brim,
Into the current of the water cleare:

Neptune
the god
of the sea The *Mouſe* reioycing for to ſee him ſwim,
Vpon his backe like * *Neptune* doth appeare,
When mounted on a Dolphin in his pride,
Vpon the toſſing billowes he doth ride:
Or like the *Sunne*, clad in his morning weeds,
Drawne in his fiery waggon by his Steeds:

Maior
ſum quā
cui poſſit
fortuna
nocere, With ſo great port and princely maieſty
The little *Mouſe* vpon the *Frog* did ſtand,
Proudly triumphing while the ſhore was nye,
And that he could at pleaſure ſkip to land.
Such great delights in water he did ſee,
Welneere he could deſire a *Frog* to be.
„ But as no ſtate can ſtable ſtand for aye:
„ So euery pleaſure hath his ending day.

For when he ſaw the ſurging billowes riſe,
And on the ſudden fall as low as hell,
Such ſtore of teares did trickle from his eyes,
That their abundance made the water ſwell.
And now the waues bedaſh him more and more,
Toſſing his corpes amid their watry ſtore,
With grief he wrings his hands, & teares his ſkin:
Such wofull plight pale feare had put him in.

Now



Frogs and Mife.

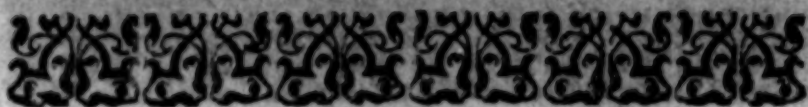
Now doth he wish, though wishes take no place,
That on firme land he were arriu'd againe;
He curseth *Neptune* and his trident Mace,
The troubled waters and the running maine:
Now, but too late (alas) doth he repent
His foolish rashnesse, cause of this euent.
„But after-wit is like a showre of rayne,
„That falles vntimely on the ripened grayne.

*Galeati
sero duet
li pomet*

His feet vnto his belly doth he shrinke,
And on the *Frog* his back doth closely fit,
Vsing his nimble tayle, when he did sinke,
In stead of oare. „Pale feare did learne him wit.
The flowing billowes mount aboue his head,
Speechlesse for sorrow, and for grieve halfe dead:
„Yet death is not so bitter as cold feare,
„Which makes things greater, then they are, ap-
(peare.

Sorrow tryumpheth in the *Mouse* his brest,
Despayre doth sit as Marshall in his mind,
Danger and death on eu'ry side are prest,
Still to receyue him at eche puffe of wind:
„But danger can the heart of pride ne're breake;
„When feare hath staid the toung, yet pride will speake.
„And though the waters wash the outward skin,
„They cannot wash presumption within.

*Hen, quid
agat?*



The Battell betweene

Jupiter For thus he fighting sayd, The gentle* *Bull*,
when bee Which *Onid* doth applaud for knauery,
fole a- Did not conuay to *Creete* his prety trull
way En- Vpon his necke with so great brauery,
ropes As King of *Frogs* doth beare the gallant *Mouſe*,
To see the pompe and pleasure of his house,
Plunging his lymmes amid the water cleare,
Such confidence to swimming he doth beare.

He this no sooner sayd, but sudden feare
Did stop the passage of his further prate:
For loe, a water-*Serpent* did appeare,
A hellish torment to the *Frogs* estate, (way,
Which cutting through the running streame that
Winding himselfe to find some floting pray,
The *Frog* espide: „What cannot feare descry,
„Which ioynd with care, preuents sad destiny?

For hee no sooner did the Snake behold,
Cerberus Gaping like *Cerberus* three-headed dog,
is sayd to Ruffling his scaly neck which shone like gold,
hane But into water diues the wily *Frog*,
three Leauing the *Mouſe*, his friend, in sad lament,
heads, & Set forth to danger, death, and dire euent:
to be por- „For he which makes a friend of euery stranger,
ter of hell „Discards him not againe without some danger.

The



Frogs and Mice.

The silly *Mouse* distressed and forlorne,
Left to the mercy of the running mayne,
Vnto the bottome head-long downe is borne,
Where he, poore soule, in secret doth complayne,
Plunging with hands aloft now doth he fleet,
Then sinking downe againe he strikes with feet:
„ But when grim destiny doth once assayle,
„ No might, no shift, no force can then preuaile,

When therefore to approach he knew his death,
And that his wet haire furthered his woe,
Fate still attendant for to stop his breath,
And death at hand to worke his ouerthrow,
Weeping for sorrow, voyd of all reliefe,
Thus with himselfe he sigh'd to ease his griefe:
„ For teares and sighes, sad orators of smart,
„ Though they release not, yet they ease the heart.

*Est quæ-
dam fletus
vinctus.*

Perfidious *Frog*, procurer of my wrack,
Accursed Traytor to my fathers Crowne,
Thinke not though vengeance for a time be slack,
That thundring *Joue*, to whō all things are knowne,
Will be forgetfull of thy trechery,
Through whose deceit I dye in misery,
Which from thy back, as off a rock I stood,
Hast thrown me, periur'd wretch, amid the flood.



The Battell betweene

Well thou perceiu'dst my valour and my might,
My worth, my courage, and agilitie,
Which like a dastard and faint-hearted wight,
At vnawares hast wrought my tragedie.
By craft I dye in water, though on land
Thou durst not once attempt it with thy hand:
But God, whose dwelling is the starres among,
He knowes thy craft, & will reuenge my wrong.

*Interdum
lacrymæ
pondera
voci ha-
bent.* The *Mise*, braue *Mise*, sterne soldiers of stout *Mars*,
In troupes shall march against thy damned crue,
And shall pursue thee with such bloudie wars,
That *Frogs* vnborne yet shall haue cause to rue.
Such balefull stratagems that day shall be,
As neuer cursed traytrous *Frog* did see:
„ For ne're shall murder vnreuenged boast.
And with those words he yeelded vp the ghost.

Lichopinax Lick-trencher, of great blood,
Sitting vpon the grasseie waters side,
Saw when the *Mouse* was drowned in the flood:
„ For murder by some chaunce will be espide;
„ And greatly weeping for the Princes fall,
Amayne he posteth to the Kings neate hall;
Where, to his *Grace* sitting with Lords of state,
He tels with grieve his sonnes vnhappy fate.

When

Frogs and Mife. and T

When as his Maieftie this newes did heare,
Sadly he tooke the Princes overthrow,
Downe from his throne he fell with heavy cheare,
And swooned in the place for griefe and woe.
His Nobles take him vp without delay,
And on a royall pallet doe him lay,
Where he for sorrow fick, was like to dye,
For childrens hurt neere fathers heart doth lye.

But all the Lords, though they were male-content,
Grieu'd for his death which was their Kings fole
Yet like fell Lions vnto anger bent,
A black reuenge within their minds they fware.
With comfortable words they cheare their King,
Which somewhat did abate his sorrowing.
Hope of reuenge did fo his stomacke pricke,
Now he is strong againe, which erst was licke.

His messengers difpatched are apace,
To all the hungrie corners in his land,
Commaunding all his fubjects in fhort fpace,
At Court before his Maieftie to ftand,
To learne his pleasure for his wofull fonne,
Who the proud King of Frogs to death had don.
Whofe corps lie buried in the rolling waue,
Wanting a royall Hearfe as Princes haue.

The

The Battell betweene

*The dangerousnesse
of the
Mise.*

The time no sober came, when every *Maise*
Of any office, calling, or degree,
In his owne person at the kings great House,
Before his Maiestie should present be.
But all the Lords, knights, squires & gentle *Mise*
Resort to Court, before the sunne did rise,
The basest *Maise* that had a tayle behinde,
Posted apace to know his Graces minde.

Within the Court assembled were the States,
And each one seated in his due degree,
The Commons stayed at the Palace gates,
Yet where they might the King both heare and see.
Then presently his Maiestie came downe,
Clad like a mourner in a murry gowne, (weake,
And from his throne, though grief had made him
Yet angry for his sonne, thus did he speake;

*The O-
ration of
the King
of Mise.*

Stout Peeres, braue Nobles, and my Captaines tall,
And you kinde subiects to your louing King,
Though to my part these mischiefes onely fall,
Which from my drearie eyes sad reares do bring,
Yet to you all this dammage doth belong,
For Kings mishap to subiects is a wrong.
I like a father, you like friends complaine, (laine.
Since cursed *Frogs*, my sonne, your Prince, haue
Great

Frogs and Mife. | T

„ Great are the cares attend vpon a throne, *Tenet*
 „ And most misfortunes sit in *Cæsars* lap: But *auratum*
 Then who so wretched as poore I alone, *limen o-*
 Predestinate to nothing but mishap? *vinum.*
 Once happie in three children borne to me,
 As pretty *Mife* as euer man did see. *Ay me, hic*
 But Fortune glad to triumph in my woe, *Beit*
 Hath brought my sorrow with their ouerthrow. *me.*

For first, the eldest scarce was two months old,
 When playing like a wanton vp and downe,
 A grieufully *Cas* the yong *Mense* did behold,
 And quickly caught him by the tender crowne,
 Betweene whose cruell iawes my sonne did die,
 Without remorse deuoured traytously.
 A *Stygian* Butcher, knowne vnto you all,
 Whose teeth asunder teare both great and small.

My sonne next him, a litle noble,
 Too ventrous far to liue (O grieue to tell)
 Hunting for food within a Farmers house,
 Into an engyne made of wood he fell,
 Inuented by mans arte and policie,
 To crush and murder all our Progenie,
 There (louing Subiects) dyde my second child,
 With rigour massacred, with craft beguiled,

The Battell betwecne

And now my third, my last beloued sonne,
But best beloued sonne of all the three,
With whom my ioyes do end, my life is done,
Most deare to his Queene-mother and to me,
In whom decayes the issue of my blood,
Hinc illa Ay me, lies buried in the raging flood,
lachry- Betrayd and drowned by the *Frags* fell King,
mx. To whom my sword sad elegies shall sing.

Then quickly arme your selues, to armes, he cries,
Fight for your King and Countrey without feare,
Pursue the *Frags* your curst enemies,
And gard your selues with helmet, shield and speare;
With courage shew your valour and your might,
The day is ours: for *Ioue* still aydes the right:
Braue Lords, kind subjects, fight courageously,
¶ God and Saint *Gertrude* graunt vs victory.

¶ She is
holden
patro-
nesse ouer
Mise. The King in anger here did make an end,
And presently dismissed all the crue,
Which all their studie and endeouours bend,
That black reuenge and battell might ensue.
The Kings sad wordes did stirre them vp so farre,
That nought they talke of now but bloudie war.
And euery *Mase* from greatest to the least,
Prepares such weapons as will fit them best.

And

Frogs and Mice. T

And first, for legs, these neuer daunted Mice,
 Warlike habiliments in haste provide,
 Garded with huskes of pease (O rare deuice!)
 As though with boots or start-ups they would ride:
 „ Whose policie if this our age would trie,
 „ So many maymed soldiers should not die:
 „ For they which lose their legges, doe lack their might,
 „ Nor can they fly, nor stoutly stand to fight,

Next with a corslet they defend the heart,
 Nor made of Steele, but of an old straw-hat,
 With which before they did award that party,
 Against the forces of the greedy Cat:
 A piece of leather on their backe they don,
 Which serues in stead of an habergion:
 The bottome of a candlestick doth stand,
 For target or a buckler in their hand:

Small brazen pinnes they brandish like a speare,
 And tosse their needles like strong pikes about,
 A walnut shell for helmet they doe beare,
 After that they had eate the kernell out.
 And thus they march to fight that blondy fray,
 Vaunting in armour and their proud array:
 „ For weapons vnto force fresh courage bring.
 „ A Mouse in armes doth thinke himselfe a king.



The Battell betweene

But when the trumpe of iron-winged Fame
 Had sounded to the *Frogs* this bad report,
 Out of the water in great troopes they came,
 And on the shore together do resort,
 There to determine what the cause should be,
 Of these strange warres and sudden mutinie;
 Their dread encreaseth by each brute they heare:
 For feare of vnknown things breeds greater feare.

Whiles thus they stand perplexed and afraid,
 A Herald bold of Armes they might descry,
 Eat-cheese *Tyraglyphus*, which not dismayd,
 Dare stoutly to their face the *Frogs* defy,
 Whom noble *Embafichytros* begot,
 That slyly creepeth into eu'ry pot.
 He bearing in his hand a regall mace,
 Thus to the *Frogs* did speake in great disgrace:

To you disloyall *Frogs* that hunt for blood,
 And to your King that wrought our Princes fall,
 Drowning his body in the raging flood,
 Whose death to heaven doth for vengeance call,
 To you I come sad messenger of woe
 From angry *Mise*, which wish your ouerthrow:
 And here, in all their names, and from our King,
 A flat defiance to bale *Frogs* I bring.

Warres,

Frogs and Mife.

Warres, hostile warres, accursed traytrous *Frogs*, *Ingentis*
Heere I denounce, and spit within your face. *parturis*
Damned deceitfull wretches from your bogs. *Araminas*
We will abolish your detested race. *notis*
Then arme your selues, for vengeance we wil take
Vpon all *Frogs* for our braue princes sake. *notis*
If courage in your craven hearts doth dwell
Meet vs in open field: and so farewell. *notis*

When he had said these words, as in disdayne *notis*
Scorning an answer from the *Frogs* to beare, *notis*
Forthwith he posted to the *Mife* againe, *notis*
Whose message put the *Frogs* in mighty feare: (more
„ Yet feare breeds wrath, wrath kindles courage
That now windes rage which erst were calme be-
The King then rising fro his chaire of state, (fore.
Grauely their valours thus did animate: *notis*

Lords, Nobles, gallant *Frogs*, and all the Trayne, *The Ora-*
Which heere attend to know our royall will, *tion of*
Subiects, nay, more then Subiects in our raigne, *the King*
For we are fellowes and companions still: (raigne, *of Frogs,*
Vex not your mindes, „ all clouds do beare no
„ Nor in proud brags true valour doth remaine.
These are but words, fit bugs to scatte the crows:
„ And cowards brags do seldom end with blowes.

The battoll betweene

But if their meaning with their words agree,
 Then doe they seeke to vndermine our Crowne,
 A forged quarrell they impose on me,
 That I a proud audacious *Moose* should drowne:
 And vnder this false colour they deuise,
 To cloke the treasons of their enterprife,
 Eche foole can find a staffe to beate a dog.
 He must haue both his eyes that blinds a *Frog*.

*Accipe
 Danaum
 insidias,
 & crimi-
 ne ab o-
 mo disci-
 omnes.*

Heauen and earth to winnesse I doe call,
 And all the golden Planets of the skie,
 That I attempted not the *Moses* fall,
 Nor once remember I did see him die,
 But this I thinke, that, playing on the brim,
 Seeing the gallant *Frogs* so brauely swim,
 He thought to doe the like, and leaped in,
 Where he was iustly plagued for his sinne.

And now these lurking creatures, hungry *Mice*,
 Which scarce dare shew their faces in the light,
 A crue of greedy vermine, which deuise
 Nothing but stealth and rapine in the night:
 These doe vniustly charge me with his death,
 Because within our reigne he lost his breath:
 But I will reach these proud audacious fooles,
 Not lest with kings, nor meddle with edge-tooles.

Then

Frogs and Mice!

Then friends, kind friends, & fellowes to your king,
Plucke vp your spirits, banish lauish feares,
For in this warre, whence terrour seemes to spring,
Me thinkes great ioy and comfort still appeares,
Since gallant *Frogs*, whome nothing terrifies,
Fight with a starued troupe of hungry *Mise*.
Courage, braue mates, take weapons, and to fight:
„ Fortune defendes true valour in his right.

But since men may in warre sometimes preuayle,
As much by policy, as power or might,
And that where strength and prowesse often fayle,
Wit doth at length giue succour to the right
I wish you arme your selues with speare & shield,
And march along the shore vnto the field,
VWhere, on a hill which ouer-lookes the flood,
VVe will incampe our selues as in a wood.

When to this place these craven *Mice* conuay
Their fearefull souldiers, like a flocke of sheepe,
And to besiege our fortresse shall assay,
Where we vpon the hill our forces keepe:
If any boasting *Mouse* vpon the banke
Dare but ascend one foote before his ranke,
Him we will all assaile in furious mood,
And cast his body headlong in the flood.

F

By



The battell betweene

By this rare stratagem and braue deuise,
We shall their malice and great pride abate:
Thus shall we conquer corner-creeping *Mise*,
Which would annoy our peace and quiet state.

*Addidit
innatida
robur
facundia
causa.*

And thus, with trophies and triumphing play,
We will like victors crowne our heads with bay.
The arme your selues, braue mates, with speare &
God, and great *Neptune* grant vs winne (shield.
(the field.

*The ar-
mour and
weapons
of the
Frogs.*

Here did he end, and scarce he made an end,
But all the *Frogs*, from greatest to the least,
For these ensuing warres their studies bend
To get such weapons as besir them best:
First to their thighs greene Malows they do wrap,
Which hang downe like a bag or butchers flap.
Beetes, like a cloke, vpon their backe they don,
Which serues for brest-plate and habergion.

A Cockles shell for sallet they prepare,
Taward their heads from blowes amid the field:
In their left hands these water-souldiers bate
A leafe of Colewort for a trusty shield,
And in their right (for all parts armed were)
They tolle a bulrush for a pike or speare.
Along the shore they march in this aray,
Mad with fell rage, yet glad to see this day.

Thus



Frogs and Mife.

Thus whil'ft both armies did prepare to fight,
Almighty *Ioue*, eternall, without end,
Inuites the gods into his palace bright,
Whence ratling thunder & bright flames descend:
And pointing with his finger downe below,
To them these puiffant warriors doth he show,
Stout as the *Centaures* or the *Gyants* great,
Which once assai'd to pull *Ioue* from his seat.

*A con-
fel affem-
bled in
heaven.*

Whom when the gods together did behold,
Marching like *Pigmie-Braggarts* in aray,
And sternly shake their speares like champions bold,
As though no terror could their hearts dismay,
They made the court of heau'n with laughter rings;
Such pleasure and delight the sight did bring.
Then smiling *Ioue* (deep silence kept a space)
Lift vp his voice, and spoke with royall grace:

*Aspic-
tunt ocm-
lis superi
mortalis
infis.*

If *Frogs and Mife* (quoth he) their patrons haue,
Chast daughter *Pallas*, my *Bellona* deere,
Tell vs which side thou wilt protect and saue,
Shall not the gallant *Mife* be victors heere?

*Goddess
of warre.*

Great store of them within thy temples dwell,
Allured thirther by the tempting smell,
Which still amounteth from thy sacrifice.

Pallas againe did answer in this wise:



The Battell betweene

Great Lord of heau'n and earth, beloued Sire,
If you commaund, your daughter must obay,
My will subiected is to your desire,
For children cannot fathers hests deny:
Yet force me not, kind father, once to shield
These hunger-starued pyrats in the field,
False lurking creatures, greedy theeuish *Mise*,
Whose teeth pollute my sweete fat sacrifice.

Qualibet Great are the wrongs and mischiefes I abide,
extremos By these detested vermine day and night,
iniuria Much they impayre my worship and my pride:
suscitant And shall I then defend them in this right?
ignes. The hallow'd oyle, which sacred fire doth stay
Within my lamps, they steale and licke away:
** Crownes* My *crowns they gnaw, but these are losses small,
of victory This is the hurt molests me most of all:

My braue ensigne embrodered all with gold,
Neuer braue ensigne was so rich of price,
Wherein my acts and triumphs were enrold,
Is eaten, torne, and spoyled by these *Mice*.
This is my hurt surpassing all the rest,
For this cause chiefly I these *Mise* detest:
And shall I, father, seeme to patronise
My foes, my wrongers, and sworne enemies?

Ne're

Frogs and Mice.

Ne're these accursed beasts will I defend:
 Command ought else, great *Jove*, but pardon this:
 Nor durie *Frogs Bellona* will befrend,
 Whose ioy and pleasure in fowle puddles is,
 For as I loath the *Mice* for sundry wrongs:
 So I detest base *Frogs* for croking songs,
 Whose harsh vnpleasant voices in the night
 Breed nought but terror to each mortall wight.

*Hoc illis
 garrula
 lingua
 dedit.*

When I returne oft sweating from the warres,
 And after fainting trauell thinke to sleepe,
 With their seditious brawles, and croking iarres,
 Which in the filthy marishes they keepe,
 Awake I lye, till mornings trumpeter
 Giues warning for the day-starre to appeare,
 And cheertull Cock chants forth his wonted lay,
 To shew the dawning of the ioyfull day.

Though we are gods, yet let vs all beware
 To succour in our person either part:
 For if these meete the gods, they will not spare
 To strike them with their iauelings to the hart:
 But let vs rather ioy to see this fray,
 Where we behold their ruine and decay.
 Thus *Pallas* said. To whom incontinent
 The heauenly *Senate* gaue a full consent.

*In auda-
 ces non
 est auda-
 cia tanta,
 Quos ode-
 rit quisq;
 perisse
 cupit.*



The Battell betweene

The bar Meane while both armies mustred on the plaine,
tells And place their wings and squadrons in aray,
From either part a *Herald* doth againe
Giue signe for battell and the bloudie day.
The buzzing *Flies*, because they were of skil,
To blow aloud their hornes and trumpets shrill,
A harsh *tantarra* sound vnto the fight, (might.
Which lends more courage to their wonted

Heauen and earth doth thunder with the cry,
When front to front these noble armies meete,
Loose wauing in the wind their ensignes flie,
With wounds and fatall blowes echo other greeke.
The *Mise* assaile, the *Frogs* the fight accept,
In combat close each host to other stept:
For now the wings had skirmish hot begun,
And with their battels forth like Lyons run.

But who was first amid this bloody fight,
That gaue the onfet first, first wanne renowne?
Croaking Hypsiboas, first like a knight,
Lick-taile Lichenor brauely tumbled downe,
Into his paunch so strong he thrust his speare,
That forth his backe behind it did appeare,
Groueling the *Mouse* fell on the sandy plaine,
By this audacious *Frog* with valour slaine.

Next



Frogs and Mife.

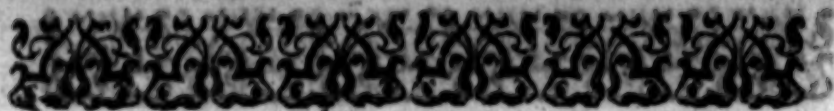
Next him *Trogodytes*, which not afraid,
Each secret hole and corner creepeth in,
Gave *Pelion* the *Frog*, with hurt betrayd,
A deadly foile with his small brazen pin:
Within the wound the iaveling sticketh sore,
And frō the veines forth streams the purple gore.
Thus to his end pale death this *Frog* did bring,
„ Which kils the caitife with the crowned king.

Tendia
mas huc
emmet,

Pot-creeping Embaschytes, of late
Whose valiant sonne did all the *Frogs* defie,
Now quite confounded by disastrous fate,
Deuoid of life thy headles troncke doth lie
At hardy *Sentius* his crooked feet,
A *Frog* which feeds on nothing but the beetle.
And clam'rous *Polyphon* there lyes thou dead,
Slayne by *Artophagus* which eateth bread.

But when *Limnocharis* their deaths beheld,
Which in the marish bath his whole delight,
The angry *Frog*, by loue and ire compeld,
To sad reuenge his pow'r and forces dight:
„ Life must be payd with life, the *Frog* did cry,
„ Their deaths I will reuenge, or with them dye.
„ Thus when true loue, & valour guide the heart,
„ A cowards hand will play a souldiers part.

Mors
morte
pianda
est.



The Battell betweene

Quelibet And from the ground a milstone in great hast
iratis ipse He raught: „ strange wonders courage doth enact:
dat arma And with great violence the same he cast
furor. At proud *Troglodites* as one distract:

In middle of his necke the stone did light,
Whereby he sleepeth in eternall night:
Thus brused with the fall, this *Mouſe* did lye,
Suffering the torments of deaths tyranny.

Yong *Lichenor*, his sonne that first was flaine,
A gallant *Mouſe*, which did no colours feare,
Desirous, though with death, renowne to gaine,
That his exploits ensuing times might heare,
Fierce butcher-like *Limnocharis* espide,
Whose weapons were with bloud in scarlet dide:
To whom he said, Fight, coward, or else flie,
Thou or *Lichenor* here shall surely die.

Est vin-
dicta bo-
num, vita
incendius
ipsa.

And with those words, ayming his heart to hit,
Strongly his iaveling at the *Frog* he threw,
Ipsa ma- It pearst his side, his brest and bowels split,
nus for- His vitall spirits from his body flew;
tunatio- Dead lay *Limnocharis* vpon the playne,
The brauest souldier in the watrie trayne.
„ For death impartiall doth with one selfe hand,
„ Cut off the strong & weak at heauens comand.

Crambo.

Frogs and Mice

Crambophagus, *Est. Colewort*, which of late
 Basely his armes and weapons cast away,
 Thinking by flight to flie the stroke of fate,
 Ran to the water from the mortall fray:
 Whom *Lichenor* more swift then he pursude,
 And in his harts warm bloud his speare imbrud:
 Vpon the shore the dastard *Frog* was slaine,
 Ere he could leape into the running maine.

Heroicall *Limnesus*, *Fennie Lord*,
 Incensed by mad rage, blacke furies brand,
 The bold *Tyroglyphus* slew with the sword,
 A great commander in the *Mousses* band.
 Deepe holes and hollow eanes he vsde to delue
 Among the *Cheeses* lying on the shelue.
 His head the *Frog* doth from his necke aduance,
 And in great triumph beares it on his lance.

Faint-hearted * *Calaminthus* in great feare,
 Little in stature, and of courage small,
 Beholding vast *Pternoglyphus* appeare,
 A *Mouse* exceeding great, strong, bourly, tall,
 And which in *bacon* stiches holes doth make,
 He doth his weapons with the field forsake,
 And crauen-like fled to the dirty bogs,
 Euen as the feareful *Hare* pursude with dogs.

* So cal-
 led of the
 herbe Ca-
 lamint.
 From
 Pedibus
 timor ad-
 didit alas

G.

But

The Battell betweene

But bold *Hydrocharis*, that loves the flood,
 Famous for deeds of armes would neuer flie,
 The furious *Mouſe* this peereleſſe *Frog* withſtood,
 Nor would he ſhun a foot though he ſhould die:
 Lately *Pternophagon* this gallant killed,
 Which oft with *Bacon* haſh his belly filled:
 Now with a ſtone *Pternoglyphus* he ſlew, (brew.
 Whoſe cloddred braines the crymſon field im-

Lichopinax, which firſt ſold to the king,
 The balefull newes of his ſonnes tragedy,
 At *Barborocates* did his darts ſtill ſling:
 A valiant *Frog*, though in the dart he lyē,
 Proſtrate he fell vpon the ſandy ground,
 The *Mouſes* dart had made a mortall wound:
 Wherat pale death ſent forth his fainting ſpright,
 To ſleepe in darknes and eternall night.

When this the *Frog* *Prasſophagus* beheld,
 Eat-LEEKE *Prasſophagus*, ſwift as the *Hynde*,
 He ranne with mighty ſtowre along the field,
 And taking *Gaiſſodiocles* neaſt behind,
 From off his feet the little *Mouſe* he ſlong,
 Into the ſtreaming current all along,
 Nor there he left him, till with raging mood
 He had his foe eſtrangled in the flood.

Eat;

Frogs and Mife. T

Est-crume Psicharpax, which was neere allide
Vnto the kings yong sonne that earst was drown'd,
In succour of his friends the *Frogs* deside,
And to the battell made him ready bound,
Durtie *Pelusus* in the paunch he thrust,
Faintly the *Frog* sunke downe into the dust,
Whose fluttering spirit did her passage make,
Downe to * *Auernus* that vnplesant lake.

Pelobates, which loues to treade the myre,
Saw when his friend and fellow souldier fell,
And adding fuell to the smoking fire,
His furie into burning flames gan swell.
For filling both his hands with durr apace,
He cast it fiercely in *Psicharpax* face,
Which much besmeard his visage with disguise,
And almost blinded and put out his eyes:

But he the strong *Psicharpax* mou'd with spleene,
And iustly angrie at this beastly wrong,
Tooke vp a mighty stone which there had beene
A bound or landmark tweene two neighbors long,
And hurling it with vigour and great power,
He burst his knee asunder in that stower,
The right leg fell dismembred from his thie,
And not once mouing on the ground doth lie.

The Battell betweene

Ne there he thought to leaue him in sad plight,
 But with a iaueling would haue reft his life,
 Had not *Craugafides*, that croaking wight,
Whose chiefeft pleasure is in brawling strife,
 Kept off the blow, and with a ludden push,
 Thrust through the *Moufe* his belly with a rush,
 Vpon the ground his bowels gushed forth:
 „ Thus di'de this martial hart, & *Moufe* of worth.

*Stans du-
 bus om-
 nis, quos-
 que reges
 inquam
 posse in-
 cere ca-
 dunt.*

*Stultus,
 qui cum
 discedere
 possit,
 pugnat.*

Which when *Eat-corne Sitophagus* espide,
 That erst was maymed of two legs in fight,
 Washing his wounds along the water side,
 And sore amazed at this rutull fight,
 He dared not aduenture forth agayne
 Into the field, for feare he should be slayne:
 But leapt into the strong entrenched fort,
 Where he receiued was in ioyfull fort.

Nethlesse the warlike troopes of eyther band,
 Persisted still with courage in the field,
 Great store lye slayne vpon the drenched sand,
 Yet not, for thy, a souldier seemes to yeeld:
 „ Now fury roares, ire threats, & woe complains,
 „ One weepes, another cryes, he sighes for paynes.
 „ The hosts both clad in blood, in dust and myre,
 „ Had chang'd their cheare, their pryde, their rich
 (attyre. Thus

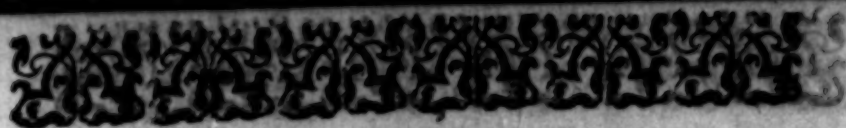
Frogs and Mice. T

Thus whiles the conquest was to neither bent,
 But poizd in ballance betwene hope and feare,
 Those two which hold the supreme gouernment
 O're both the armies which in battell were,
 The Kings of *Frogs* and *Mice* together meete,
 Where they with mortal blows each other greet:
 But cowards often faintly step aside,
 When manhood is by resolution tried.

The con-
 flict of the
 two kings

For scarce they had encountred in the fight,
 And lent some equall strokes on either side,
 When king of *Mice* thinking his foe to smite
 Vpon the head, his sword to ground did glide,
 But yet his foot it wounded when it fell,
 Which blow did much his haughty courage
 For he which erst was author of this strife,
 Now seekes the bogs for safegard of his life.

The valourous incensed king of *Mice*,
 Seeing the *Frogs* proud king so basely fly,
 Which was of late so resolute and wile,
 To vaunt of trophies ere he blowes did try,
 Calling his souldiers on with cheerefull hue,
 His fainting weary foe he doth pursue,
 Stil hopping (since his wound had made him slow)
 To ouertake him with a fatall blow.



The battell betweene

And but, that neuer-daunted Captaine brought,
 Captaine *Prassans*, green as garden *Lecke*,
 A troope of gallants which would flie for ought,
 To aide the king, his life had beene to seek,
 Which pressing through the middle of the fray,
 Rescued their wounded king which fled away,
 And with their darts beat backe the *Mise* a space,
 Till forth of danger they had rid his grace.

*Ipsa dies
 quandoq;
 parens,
 quandoq;
 non erit.*

Greatly the *Mise* were daunted with their blowes,
 So thicke they fell and forcibly were sent,
 That they were forc'd from danger of the throwes,
 Backe to retire and somewhat to relent,
 Vntill their rage and furie were o'repast,
 Through want of breath: then they againe as fast
 The *Frogs* assaile and mightily amate,
 As forward earst, now backward to retraite.

*Incerti
 fallax fi-
 ducia
 Martis.*

Among the squadrons of the *Mouses* band,
 One *Moufe* there was more gallant then the rest,
 A brauer souldier was not in the land,
 Nor stouter Captaine euer wars profess:
 Forthough sterne *Mars* his manhood list to trie,
Mars could not force this daring *Moufe* to flie:
 But when in armes this warriour is yclad,
 He rather is of *Mars* to be ydrad,

This



Frogs and Mice. T

This was the sonne of *Arripibulus*,
Which doth for bread in wait and ambush lie,
Of loftie heart and magnanimious,
A worthy sire to such a progenie,
Whom mighty *Meridaper* he did call,
That eats the crummes which vnder table fall:
Was neuer *Mouſe* which vnder hean'n doth liue,
That durst aduventure with him for to striue.

Like to a Gyant stood this champion bold,
Vpon the shore neere to the riuers side,
Vaunting his might and prowesse, as he would
Haue pull'd the throne of *Ioue* downe in his pride.
And holding vp his bouly armes to heauen,
Swore by the *Sunne*, the *Moone*, and *Planets* seuen,
That e're bright *Phabus* lighted from his wayne,
One crauen *Frog* should not aliue remaine.

For by this hand, quoth he, by this right hand,
(Scarce would a man belecue it though he sweare)
Though not a *Mouſe* will venture them withstand,
But flie the field for cowardise and feare:
Yet I, behold, I, will so thresh these *Frogs*,
That with their corſes I will fill the bogs:
Or they, or I, by *Ioue* this vow I make,
This night will lodge beyond the *Stygian* lake.



The Battell betweene

And cert's, these words had not bene spoke in vaine,
He had perform'd his vow: (though shame to tell)
If that the Father of the heau'nly trayne,
The king of men, and Lord of deepest hell,
Great *Ioue*, had not beheld from starry skyes
His dire complots and bloody enterprise,
And taking pitie of the *Frogs* estate,
To *Mars* and all the rest thus gan relate:

Ye Gods, which here behold this dismal day,
And see the slaughters of the cruell fight,
What braggard *Mouse* is this that beares such sway
Neere to the riuer, vaunting of his might
How bold he looks, how proud he bears his head,
As though the *Frogs* lay all before him dead,
Deeply protesting on the parched sand,
Not one poore *Frog* shal scape his murdering hand.

Diuine inhabitants of heau'n, behold,
Behold, I say, alas, the wretched case,
And great mishap which doth poore *Frogs* enfold,
Now prest to suffer ruine and disgrace
Vnlesse you deigne to saue them at this hower,
And send in ayde some number of your power,
To quell the daring courage of the *Mise*,
And stop proud *Mouse*'s enterprize, in aid

If



Frogs and Mife.

If that displease, then let vs *Pallas* send
T'assuage the furie of this cruell fone:
Or thou sterne *Mars* haste thither for to wend,
Yclad in armes of Adamantine stone;
That this fell **Tyger*, greedy of his pray,
E're he annoy the *Frogs*, may runne away.
Heere *Ioue* did end: But *Mars* of visage grim,
Arising from his seat, replide to him:

*Meridar-
pax.*

Beloued Father, Lord of heau'n and hell,
To your behest all pow'rs subiected stand,
Which doe in heau'n or lower regions dwell,
None may or dare deny when you command:
Then think, sweet Father, *Mars* accounteth still
Your word for right, as law your only wil. (*Ioue*,
„Kings men cōmaund on earth, why should not
„The King of Kings, command the gods aboue?

Speake but the word, great *Mars* is alwayes prest,
At *Ioues* appoynt, in armes to enter field;
And for stout *Pallas*, at your least request,
I know my sister willingly will yeeld:

But neither I, though I be god of warres,
Nor *Pallas*, whose renown doth reach the starres,
Now are of force the falling *Frogs* to stay,
Or them preserue from imminent decay.

*Quid
Mars ad
multitu-
dinem?*

H

No



The Battell betweene

No, rather send the gods, send all the power,
That highest heavenly *Hierarchies* can make,
Or on their heads lightning with thunder shower,
(That all their armie may with terroure quake)

* *A great*
Giant,
which Iu-
piter slew
with
lightning.
**Phaeton,*

he was
slayne
with
thunder.

With which thou slew'st the Giants long agoone,
* *Enceladus*, and proud * *Apolloes* sonne.
Thus ended frowning *Mars*. To whose behest
Great *Ioue* gaue full consent, with all the rest.

And presently ascending vp the tower,
Where sulphurous brands, with stony darts of fire,
And all the weapons of his might and power,
Are kept, to plague proud rebels in his ire:
First, there he caus'd great gastly flames arise,
And thunder-claps, that seem'd to rend the skies,
And still among this hideous roaring sound,
He darted burning bolts the *Mise* to wound.

Plus va-
let huma-
nis viri-
bis ira
Dei,

Pale feare assayled both the *Frogs* and *Mise*,
When first on sudden they the thunder heard,
So great a terroure in their minds did rise,
As though with spirits they had bene askard:
„For who in's brest so stout a heart doth beare,
„That when heau'ns thunder, doth not quake for
(feare,
„And stand amaz'd to view with mortall eyes,
„When angry *Ioue* darts lightning from the skies?
Neth-



Frogs and Mife.

Nethlesse, although the *Mife* were much dismayd,
To heare the sound, and see the fearefull fight,
Yet left they not the battell as afrayd,
But stood with greater courage to the fight.

„ Certes, true valour may recoyle a space,
„ Yet still her force renues with greater grace.
Fiercer they rage than earst they did before:
Such heapes of *Frogs* lye slayne vpon the shore.

*Apparet
virtutem, et
guisq;
malis.*

When angry *Toue* beheld with rufull eye,
For all his care, the *Frogs* still goe to wracke,
And see the *Mife* more desperate hereby,
Scorning his lightnings and harsh thunder-cracke,
He wept to view their slaughter and decay:
And now he thought to trie a surer way,
By other meanes the *Frogs* from death to shend:
„ For whom God loues, he fauours to the end.

From forth the Cesterne of the Ocean deepe,
Whence riuers both their spring and tydes renue,
An vgly swarme of filthy monsters creepe,
A foule infernall and ill-fauour'd crue,
Which still goe backward with a squinting eye,
To see before their footsteps what doth lye:
„ For thus doth mother nature alwayes ayme,
„ For eche defect a remedy to frame.

*The de-
scription
of the
Crabs.*



The Battell betweene

Exceeding were their shoulders out of square,
 So broad, so great, as irkes my muse to tell :
 Their bald blue backe withouten skin or haire,
 Was all o'rewhelmed with a costlie shell,
 As hard as Iron, or the flinty stones.
 Their bodies wholly were compact of bones.
 Before their vgly face two clawes beare sway,
 With which they wont to grope & feele their way.

On eyther side of their deformed brest,
 Foure crooked legs their grieuous burden beare :
 Two sterne grim lowring eyes by natures hest,
 In middle of their belly did appeare.
 Their griesly crownes seem'd clouen into three;
 On two whereof like helmets you might see.
 So vile a brood of fell mishapen Snakes
 Ne're could be found, but in th'infernall lakes.

*Quasli-
bet, ad
pœnas,
res capit
ira Iouis,*

These monstrous vgly *Crabs* (for *Crabs* they were)
 Crawling along the spacious continent,
 When *Ioue* beheld from out his Palace cleare,
 Which lyes beyond the spangled firmament,
 He sent the hel-bred band vnto the fray,
 To kill the *Mise*, or make them runne away.
 The *Crabs* obeyd, „ nor take they care for armes;
 „ Their shels will keep them safe frō greatest harms.

No

Frogs and Mife.

No sooner were they come vnto the fight,
 Where warlike *Mife* their enemies assayle,
 But all at once the *Crabs* vpon them light,
 Asunder breake their legs, bite off their tayle,
 Their iauelings pluck away, & pinch their hands,
 Nothing their sauage cruelty withstands:
 So Tiger-like vpon the *Mife* they pray,
 As would perforce the stoutest heart afray.

But when the *Mife* beheld these monsters rage,
 So dire and bloody as doth grieve me tell,
 Their haughty courage some deale gan asswage,
 Their hearts from wonted resolution fell;
 Their armes they throw away, the field forsake,
 And to their heeles for safegard them betake:
 „For if both heauen and hell conspire decay,
 „No maruell though poore *Mife* do runne away.

*Rara quid-
 dem est
 virtus,
 quā non
 fortuna
 gubernat*

Thus by the succour of the *Crabs* that day,
 The *Mife* were forced to a shamefull flight,
 The *Frogs* preferu'd from imminent decay,
 Which else had slept in death and endlesse night.
 And now the welked *Phoebus* gan to rest
 His wearied waggon in the scarlet West,
 When sullen night prepar'd her course to runne,
 Seal'd vp the battell with the setting Sunne.

*Pugna
 suam fin-
 nem, cum
 fugit ho-
 stis, habet*

The conclusion of the
Translator.

L Oe, in a vaile presented to thine eye,
Among more lessons worthy due regard,
Of trifling iarres and foolish enmity,
The ominous successe and iust reward.
See then from strife and discord thou refrayne,
Lest sad repentance breed thy further payne:
„For if *blacke *Crabs* do chance to part the fray,
„Small is their gayne that beare the best away.

**Hodie
sub homi-
num spe-
cie, Can-
crican-
sas agunt.*

Et facit ad mores ars quoq; nostra bonos.

FINIS.

¶ To



**To his Cousin, M^r. Ambrose
Hargreues health.**



Whether a secret influence from above,
Or supernaturall motion of the mind,
May seeme good-liking, and affection moue,
Among those men whom kinred hath combin'd;
Or whether nature, Cousin, vs inclin'd,
So highly to esteeme affinitie,
I cannot easily iudge, nor causes find,
Why we so fauour consanguinitie:
But cert's the worke is from diuinitie.

And whence this inward motion doth arise,
Is for my purpose needlesse to decide,
Sithence we find it true, whom bloud alies,
In league of friendship commonly abide,
And in the band of loue are nearer ty'd:
Nethlesse when other causes beare a sway,
To moue goodwill, it cannot be denide,
But then it is more firme, as is the day
Brighter when Phcebus doth his beames display.

Yet since first kinred doth commaund as due,
An interchange of amity and loue,
Much, I confesse, for this I fauour you,
In whom the gifts of wit and learning moue,
Which more confirme what here I seeke to proue:
But that you liue old Hargreues onely sonne,
Whose blessed soule rests in the armes of loue,
And in the bosome of the Holy one;
This hath the key of my affection.

*E multis
viris
surgit in-
geni-
gnot.*



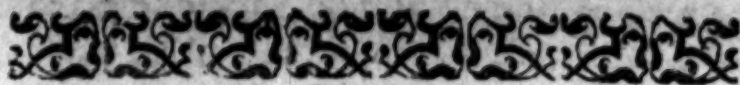
*Virtutem
amissam
quari-
mus in-
nidi.*

*This hath the greatest intrest in my heart,
And deeper stands infixed in my brest,
Then eyther kinred, or the gifts of arte,
Or what blind Nature doth esteeme as best:
For though I held him deare, I doe protest,
Before his passage from this vale of woe,
Yet now enthron'd in euerlasting rest,
Much more I loue: we seldome fully know
True Vertues worth, till Vertue we forgoe.*

*Gone is the starre, whose lustre beautifide
Ecbe twinkling light that Northren climats bred,
Yet though that cloudes obscure Apollo's pride,
With greater glory soone he shewes his head:
So though we thinke renowned Hargreue dead,
His life eclipsed by the clouds of fate,
No myst or darknesse can so ouerspread
His lines true honour, or his prasse abate,
But still it shines abroad in fresher state.*

*What should I thinke to set his praises forth,
Which farre exceeds the compasse of my brayne:
Too lofty subiect for my simple worth,
Nor can I easily reach so high a strayne,
VVhich neuer tasted that immortall wayne,
Flowing with Nectar downe the sacred hill,
VVhere those nyne virgin-Mules aye remayne,
VVhich learned beads with heauenly fury fill,
And drop artes drearyment into their quill.*

Neth.



Neshlesse, although so many tongues I had,
As * Briareus had hands great Homer sayes,
 In habit of sweet eloquence yclad,
 To blazon to the world his vertuous dayes,
 I should but giue an Eccho to his praise,
 And much abridge the volume of his story:
 Vertue is best to crowne herselfe with Bayes,
 And Hargreues worth to register his glorie,
 Which still suruiues, though life be transitorie.

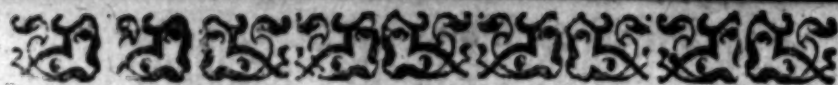
* A Gi-
 ant with a
 hundred
 hands.

In spite of enuy, slaunder, death and hell,
 Hargreue reuiues from prison of the graue;
 Aboue the banks of Fame his praises swell,
 Since hissing Serpents sought him to depraue.
 When Vertue most is spurn'd, she growes most braue.
 Yet he which in his life was vnreuil'd,
 In whom vile Malice could no vantage haue,
 After his death by slaunder is defil'd:
 But Vertues meed hath Infamy beguild:

Nauqua
 Stygias
 fertur ad
 umbras
 inclysa
 virtus.

For forth the ashes of foule Obloquie,
 Burn'd with the fire brands of slaundrous lyes,
 This peerelesse Phoenix, crown'd with victorie,
 Still doth renue himselfe and neuer dyes,
 And on the wings of Honour mounts the skyes,
 Whereas his soule rests in Iehoua's arme,
 Scorning the checks of dunghill Scarabies,
 And all the bitings of that viprous swarme,
 Whose tongues are euer prest to worke his harme.

Effugiunt
 structos
 nomen
 honoris
 rogos.



*Pascitur
in viuis
linor, post
sata qui-
escit.* Cousin, me thinks, the mysterie is deepe,
That they which Shepherds doe in shew appeare,
Clad in the habite of a simple sheepe,
Whom neither pride nor enuy commeth neere,
Should be transformed to an ugly Beare,
And play the Woolfe so fitly in the end,
As a dead man asunder for to teare,
Whom in their life they neuer durst offend,
Prouing a sauage Vulture to their friend.

Yet thus, we see, some Cookes are wont to vse
The silly sheep, which whil' st he breathes the ayre,
They neuer dare aduenture to abuse,
Or seeke the harmlesse creature to impayre:
But when the bloudy Butcher doth not spare
Within his throte to sheath the murdering blade,
They streight disioynt his members without care,
And cut and mangle him before them layd,
More cruell then the Butcher by their trade.

*Impia
sub dulci
melle ve-
nena la-
tent.* Needlese it is my meaning to unfold:
Your Eagles eyes will quickly see the Sunne;
All that shewes fayre, is not refined gold;
Nor all pure vestals which in cloysters wonne:
Sometimes a wolfe a shepherds weed will don:
And starued Snakes, as Æsop wisely told,
Preseru'd through pity from destruction,
When fire hath freed their ioynts benum'd with cold,
Will hisle their friend, like Serpents from his hold.

Pardon



Pardon me, Cousin, though I seeme too bold,
T'vnrup the Cankers of a festrea sore,
Too much I griene to heare him thus controld,
And falsely slaundered by a grunting Bore,
And by a heard of twyne, which earst before,
When famous Hargreue lin'd, like dogs did flatter:
Yet heau'n, I hope, which iudgements hath in store,
Will first or last reward them for this matter:
And turne the case on shore when tydes want water.

Longer I will not agrauate their shame,
Broaching the caske of their vnnat'rall sinne:
Well can the world testify the same,
How thanklesse and vngratefull they haue bin,
And how iniurious still they dealt herein:
But since the world neglects a dead mans wrong,
My Muse, alth' it shée be both bare and thin,
Is not afraid, though enuies part be strong,
To let them know th' abuses of their tounge.

But let the wicked band themselves in one,
To worke true vertues ruine and decay:
Tread you the path your father earst hath gone,
And feare not what the proud can doe or say:
For though ambition seeme to beare a sway,
And enuies sting procure the iust mans smart,
Truth will aduance her cause as cleare as day,
And turne the scandale of detractions dart,
Vpon themselves, with shame and griete of heart.



Well could you beate (I know) the billowes backe,
Which seeke t' o'whelme the Barke of Hargreues name:
But neuer tempest can his vessell cracke,
Since Vertue serues as Anker to his fame:
Deigne therefore, Cousin, to protect from blame
This simple worke, that like as Hargreues friend
Stands in the front to patronize the same;
So Hargreues sonne in fine will it defend,
Lest Curses do bite behind what I haue pend.

FINIS.



